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COMICS

No. 6
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UNCLE WIGGILY

by
HOWARD
R. GARIS

This SCOOTER CRAFT is going to be fun—I don't know why I never invented one before



Come, Uncle Wiggily, put your tools away. We're starting for the Picnic Grove now.

Just wait half an hour, Nurse Jane, and we'll all RIDE there



Who-at? Do you think for a moment I'd be seen riding in THAT crazy contraption, Wiggily Longears?

But it isn't a crazy contraption—it's a genuine SCOOTER CRAFT that I've just invented!

I'd like to ride in it, Nurse Jane.



Nonsense! The children and I are going to have our picnic without any broken bones to remember it by...You can come when you are ready.

I'll save you a sandwich and some alive, Uncle Wiggily!



Hello, Wiggily! Are you building a sailboat?

I certainly am, Uncle Butter! But it will sail on land as well as on water, so I call it a SCOOTER CRAFT!



Wait till I get my valise,
and we'll take a little trip
to the Picnic Grove.

All right, I feel
just like a picnic
today!



Nurse Jones and
the Littletails have
gone on ahead
with the lunch.

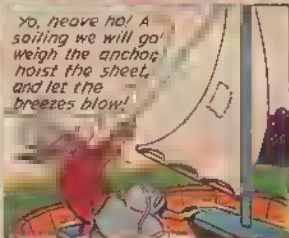


...But I have a surprise for
them—four bags of self-
popping popcorn, and a jug
of molasses-candy syrup.

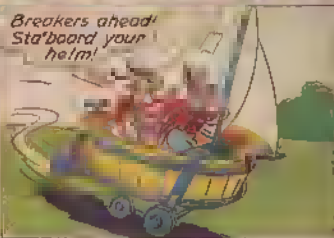
Sounds
scrumptious!

The self-popping popcorn
is another invention of
mine—You'll see how it
works when we get there.

Fine! I can
hardly wait
till we get
there!

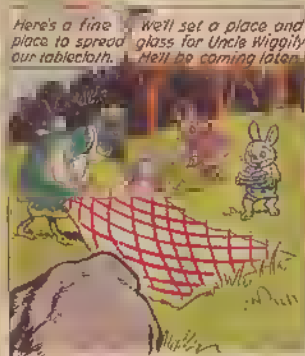
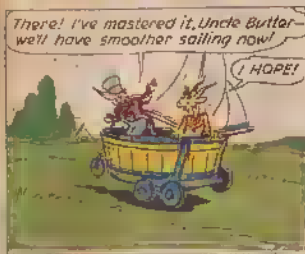
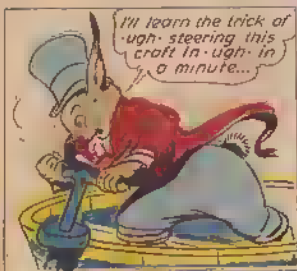


Yo, heave ho! A
sailing we will go!
weigh the anchor,
hoist the sheet,
and let the
breezes blow!



Breakers ahead!
Sta'board your
helm!





GR-R-RORR! Give me
your basket or I'll bite
your heads off!

P-Please
don't, Mr
Bear!

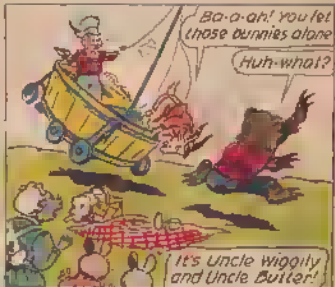
N-No!

EEEEK!



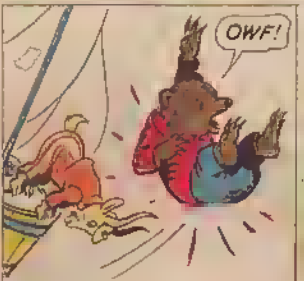
Ba-a-ah! You let
those bunnies alone

Huh-what?



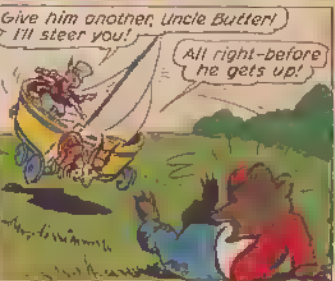
It's Uncle Wiggily
and Uncle Butter!

OWF!



Give him another, Uncle Butter!
I'll steer you!

All right-before
he gets up!



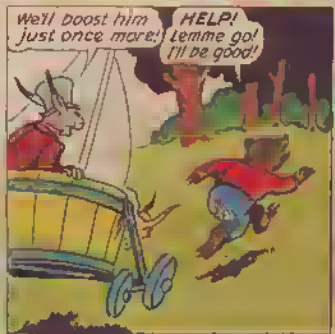
Atta boy!

UMPH!



We'll boost him
just once more!

HELP!
temme go!
I'll be good!



NOW what do you think of my Scooter craft, folks?

It's wonderful! I'll take back everything I said about it, Wiggily

Oh, boy! It's most as good as an airplane!



You were splendid the way you faced that dreadful bear, Uncle Butter!

Here's your glass of milk, Uncle Wiggily

You mean the way I BUTTED him!



The sandwiches are all gone—finish your milk now, children.

Wait a minute—I have a surprise for you in my valise!

Oh, goody! Is it candy?



It's popcorn—just pour some of it on your plate, Nurse Jane.

I hope you remembered to butter it, Uncle Wiggily.

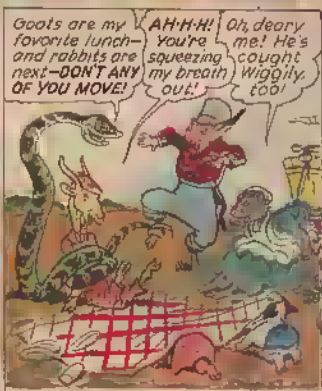
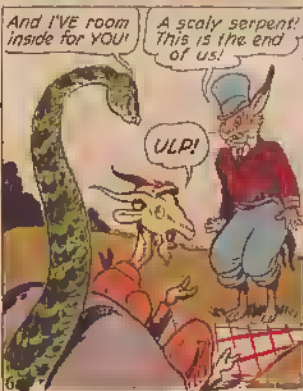
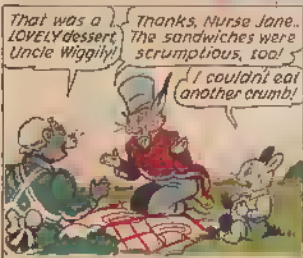
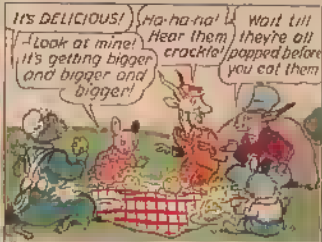


Why, it isn't even POPPED! What sort of a joke is this?

You'll see in a minute—after I pour some special molasses candy syrup over it!

On dear—another of your inventions





Listen, Mr. Serpent—if you have a taste for **REALLY** nice things, I can promise you a big surprise...

What is it? **SPEAK UP QUICK!**

It's my special molasses candy popcorn—if you'll try some I'm sure you'll be glad to let us go.

All right—give me some and I'll see...



You'll find it very delicious and satisfying.

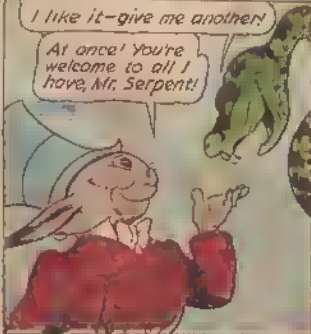


GULP—
mmm—
yumm!



I like it—give me another!

At once! You're welcome to all I have, Mr. Serpent!



There, that's all—but in a moment you'll feel as if you'd had a full meal—a **VERY** full meal!



That was very nice for an appetizer-
and now I'll begin on the MAIN COURSE!

No! Wait!
Just a-
uh-minute
longer!

Be brave,
Uncle Butter-
it won't be
long now!



ULK??!!

CRACKLE!
POP!
SNAP!



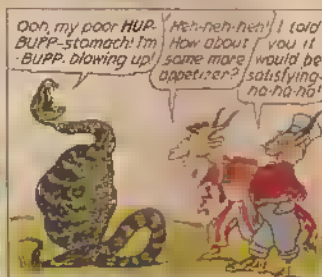
What did you HUP-
feed me HUP-BUPP!

POP!
CRACK!



Ooh, my poor HUP-
BUPP-stomach! I'm
BUPP. blowing up!

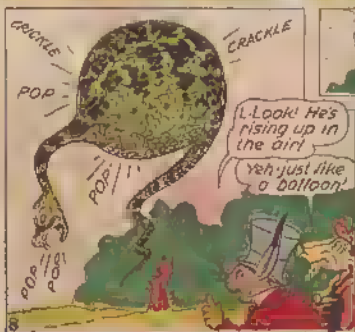
Heh-heh-heh! I told
you it
would be
satisfying-
na-na-na!



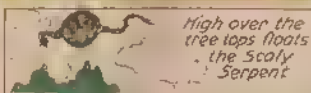
CRACKLE
POP
CRACKLE
POP

L-Look! He's
rising up in
the air!

Yeh just like
a balloon!

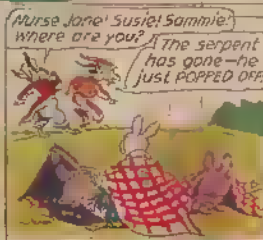


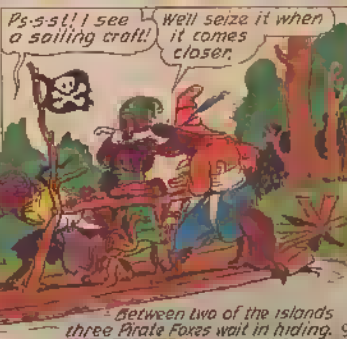
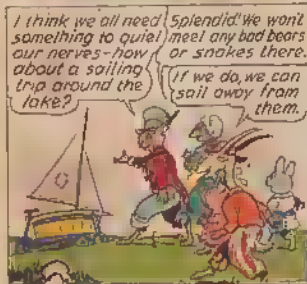
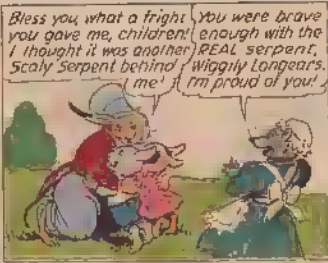
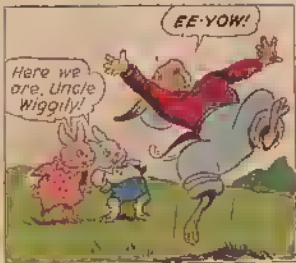
High over the
tree tops floats
the scaly
Serpent



Nurse Jane! Susie! Sammie!
Where are you?

The serpent
has gone—he
just POPPED OFF!





What lovely trees and flowers! Don't the shadows look deep and mysterious?

Let's land and look for pirate treasure!



Bo-a-a-ah! Pirates! Just as we spoke of them!

Yi-yi-yip! BOARDERS AWAY!



Heads down! Perhaps we can beat them!

Oh, DEAR! What next?



The wind's against us—I'm afraid we'll be caught after all!

The Pirate Foxes in their swift pedal-wheel boat quickly overtake the scooter craft



I have one more trick in my bag—if it works in time.

Uncle Wiggily quickly pours the last few grains of popcorn into the syrup jug



Surrender—or we'll cut you to pieces!

Yes, yes, of course—of course!



We'll keep these two baby bunnies for the stew-pot and make the others walk the plank!

Ho-ho-ho! Please, That will be fun! PLEASE spare our lives!

You'll go first, old langlears!

You can show the others how it's done-ho-ho-ho!

Can I take all the time I want?

OW-EEE!

Go on, you old fuddy-duddy! Step high, wide and handsome!

Haw-haw! Poke him again!

Oh-HOW can they be so mean!

Now jump-you've taken time enough, old boy!

No-no! Not yet!

POP WHAM! BLAM!

**YEEOWEECH!
BOMBS!**

**It worked!
Good old
popcorn!**

**Now to free my
hands before those
Pirate Foxes collect
their wits!**

**Was it really
your self-
popping corn
that made
such a
dreadful
bang?**

**Yes,
folks, being
corked up in
the jug made
them 100 times
more explosive.**

**Heh-heh! I'd go
through it all over
again, just to see
those foxes jump!**

**Dripping and weaponless,
the bad pirates climb back
aboard their peg-wheel boat.**

**...And watch Uncle Wiggily sail away with
their only cutlass.**

**Yo, heave ho!
A-sailing we will go!
The pirates bold
are wet and cold,
So let the breezes
blow!**

KEETO

THE JUNGLE BOY

Drawn by Tom Hickey

KIKUFA, THE BROWN BEAR, FOUND KEETO WHEN HE WAS ONLY A BABY, AND BROUGHT HIM UP WITH HER OWN CUBS IN THE JUNGLE. AT THE AGE OF TWELVE KEETO WAS STRONGER THAN MOST MEN AND KNEW THE TALK OF ALL THE BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

STOP! DON'T DO IT, KEETO! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I THREW A CUSTARD APPLE AT THE FAT VILLAGE CHIEF!

BUT I'M THROWING THIS ONE AT THE FAT OLD BEAR WHO CALLED ME HER CUB... THE WORST SHE CAN DO IS TO STARE AT ME... HERE GOES!



NOW, THAT IS THE WAY FOR A NAKED, HAIRLESS CUB TO TREAT ITS MOTHER! **COME DOWN HERE THIS MINUTE, KEETO!**

WUFF! WUFF! COME DOWN AND GET YOUR SPANNING, LITTLE BROTHER!

I TOLD YOU SO, KEETO! NOBODY IN THE JUNGLE CAN TEASE KIKUFA AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

OH, KEEP QUIET, MAMMO, YOU LITTLE CHATTERBOX!

YOU HATE LEASHING EVEN WORSE THAN BEING SPANNED, FOOLISH LITTLE FRIG - SO I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU SOME JUNGLE LAWS!

LAWS! LAWS! LAWS! YOU'RE ALWAYS STUFFING MY EARS FULL OF THAT TRUCK!

Now, repeat after me:
"AVOID THE MAN TRIBE AND
THE DOG-FACED BARBOONS...
THEY ARE ALL FOOLISH, TRICKY,
AND DANGEROUS!"

AVOID THE MAN TRIBE AND
THE...THE...OH, BOTHER!
I'LL PLAY WITH THE BARBOONS
IF I FEEL LIKE IT...THEY
WERE KIND TO ME ONE DAY
WHEN YOU SPANKED ME
EXTRA HARD!



IN HEAVY TREES THE BARBOONS LISTEN, GROWLING.

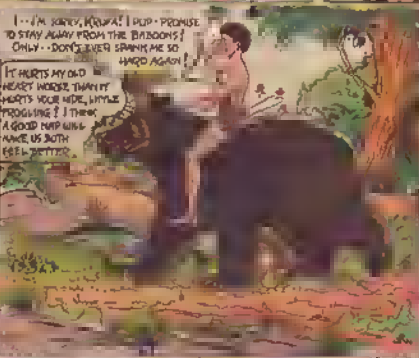
WH-A-A-T? YOU PLAY
WITH THOSE FILTHY
FLEA-BITEN APES?
THAT DESERVES AN
EXTRA SPANKING!

GR-R-R. THE FAT
JUNGLE FROG IS TALKING
ABOUT US!

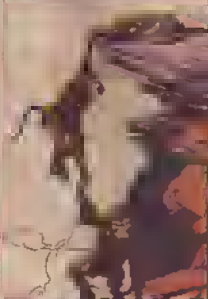


I...I'M SORRY, KRUPA! I DID PROMISE
TO STAY AWAY FROM THE BARBOONS!
ONLY...DON'T EVER SPANK ME SO
HARD AGAIN!

IT HURTS MY OLD
HEARTY WORSE THAN IT
HURTS YOUR NIECE, LITTLE
FROGLING! I THINK
A GOOD NAP WILL
MAKE US BOTH
FEEL BETTER.



FIRE MOMENT! THE DEERS AND REETS ARE
SOUND ASLEEP. THE BARBOONS MAKE A
LIVING CHAIN FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFF.

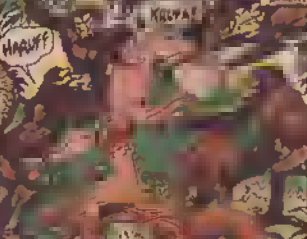


PULL HIM UP
--QUICK!

AH-REEE!
KRUPA!
HELP!



THE BARBOONS FELL TO THE TREE TOPS AS KRUPA JANGLES
BELOW.



THEY'RE HERE, THE HUMAN! OH, NOES!
WATCH WHERE THEY TAKE ME!
TELL KEEPA!



KEE TO THE
BOY! THE APE
TRIBE HAS CAUGHT
HIM!

A FEW MORE MILES TRAVEL THROUGH THE TREES, THE
BADGONS REACH A DESERTED CITY



A DEAD CITY OF
HUMAN TRIBE.

THE BIG APES TAKE KEE TO THE RUINED PALACE

HERE IS OUR PALACE
WHERE WE WILL MAKE
YOU OUR KING, KEE!

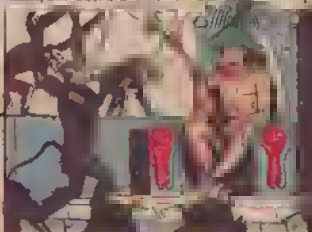


YOUR KING! I DON'T
WANT TO BE KING OF
BADGONS!

HAVE TO OUR NEW
KING OF APES -- KEE TO
RULER OF THE JUNGLE!

HARRY!
COUGH -- COUGH
WHOOPEE!

G'WAN!
YOU'RE ALL
DOES!



HERE! YOU DON'T LOOK DIGNIFIED
ENOUGH. GIVE ME THAT CROWN AND
SCEPTER AND LET ME SHOW YOU!

AND WELCOME.



IN A HURRY, KEE TRIES TO SLIP OUT UNSEEN.

LOOK! HE'S
GETTING AWAY!
CATCH HIM!



FIGHTING HARD, KEETO IS BURIED UNDER THE BAROON MOUNT.



WE'LL DROP HIM
IN HERE WHERE HE
CAN'T GET OUT 'TIL
WE WANT HIM.

KREE-EE-EE!
I HEAR! I SEE! I'LL TELL!



KREE! TELL KRUPA WHERE
THEY PUT ME! TELL HER
TO BRING M-E-L-P!

KREE-EE-EE!
I HAVE FOUND YOU AT
LAST, KRUPA! THE
BAROONS HAVE SHUT
KEETO UP IN A RUINED
CITY TO THE NORTH!

AND THEY HAVE NOT HURT MY
MAM DUB? AH-WHOOF!
LEAD US TO HIM, FRIEND
KREE!



I SEE LEO THE LION AND HIS
WIVES -- JUST AHEAD.

THAT IS GOOD -- PUFF, PUFF!
WE'LL GET THEM TO -- PUFF -- HELP US!



SHIM DO, LEO! THE WICKED
BAROONS HAVE TAKEN MY
MAM-DUB, KEETO TO THE RUINED
CITY -- PUFF, PUFF! COME AND HELP
US RESCUE HIM.

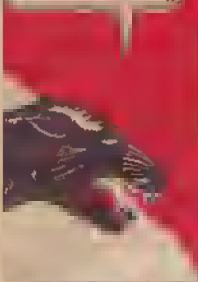
AWOONW! THE DOG-FACED
BAROONS! I'LL HELP YOU
JUST FOR A CHANCE TO
SLAP DOWN A FEW OF THOSE
APES!

KEE YOWN,
COUNT US IN
TOO! JUST YES
TODAY ONE OF
THOSE FILTHY
BAROONS THREW
A BREADFRUIT
AT MY HEAD!

HERE COMES ARAY, THE BLACK JEWEL
AND HIS MATE. WE'LL TELL THEM, TOO!



OF COURSE WE'LL GO
ALONG WITH YOU, KIRUPA! EVERYONE
HATES THOSE CRAZY BABOONS--
BUT THEY DO MAKE GOOD EATING!



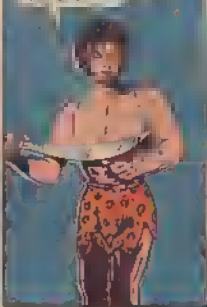
BACK IN THE TURNED SUMMER HOUSE,
KEETO LOOKS FOR A WAY TO ESCAPE.

AH, WHAT IS THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE A
BIG YELLOW KNIFE!



HIDING AMONG THE DEAD LEAVES, KEETO
UNCOVERS A GOLDEN SCIMITAR!

IT'S SHARP AND HOT
I WONDER IF...



WITH THE SCIMITAR, KEETO EASILY PRIES OPEN A SHAL
BONE.

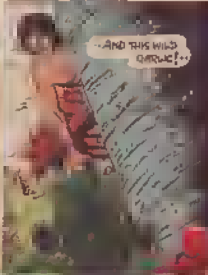
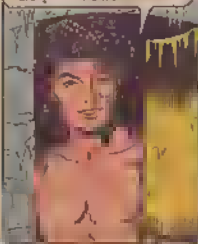


HMMM! THAT WAS
EASY! I THINK I'LL KEEP
THIS SHARP YELLOW STICK!
IT'S BETTER THAN
MY KNIFE!

OH-OH! I CAN'T GET PAST THOSE APES
WITHOUT BEING SEEN AND CHASED!

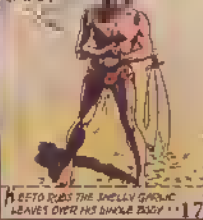


HORNETS' NESTS ON THAT LIMB OVER
THERE!...THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA--



--AND THIS WILD
GARLIC!--

--WILL MAKE ME STINK PROOF!
HORNETS HATE THE
SMELL OF GARLIC!

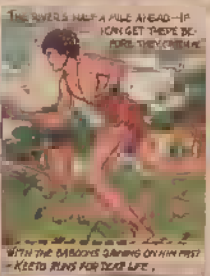


KEETO RUBS THE SMELLY GARLIC
LEAVES OVER HIS WHOLE BODY

EEYOWW! THE JUNGLE BOY GOT OUT! OUR KING IS RUNNING AWAY!!



AS HE PASSES SONATHA, ASATO HURTS SOME AT THE BIGGEST MONKEY'S HEIST.

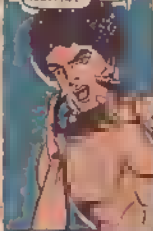


WITH THE BAROONS GAWING ON HIM FIRST - KEETO RUNS FOR DEAR LIFE.

REACHING THE RIVER BLUFF, KEETO SPOTS HIS FRIENDS.



HI-KAWFA! IT'S ME-KEETO!
HIDE AND WAIT WHERE
YOU ARE!



KAA-WAOF! HIDE IN THESE
BUSHES, FRIENDS! MY MAN CLUB
COMMANDS US!



THE BABOONS CHARGE VIA
MOB, BLIND WITH RAGE.

MURDERMURDERMURDER!
WE'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES,
HAIRLESS FROG!

YAH!YAH! YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME! I'VE STILL GOT
A TRICK OR TWO...HOLD THE
FACED, HONEY-STUNG,
Flea-BITTEN JUNGLE-BUMS!



AT THE LAST MOMENT
KEETO TURNS AND
JUMPS.....



AS KEETO
STOKES OUT
FOR SHORE,
A TORRENT OF
BABOONS
DOORS OVER
THE BLUFF.



THE BOY TRUITS THE SWIMMING APES ON APO AMBUSH.

POOREY, WHAT BITTEN SWIMMERS!
YOU'RE OUT OF PRACTICE! YOU
HAVEN'T HAD A BATH
IN A YEAR?

ADREN! IT'S UP
YOUR TONGUE OUT MY-
SELF, YOU NAKED
TADPOLE!

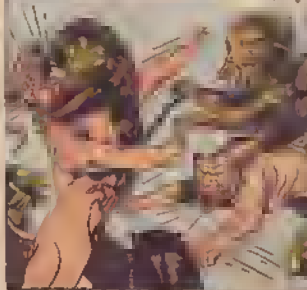


SING FROM THE BUSHES, LEO ROARS HIS CHALLENGE.

YAH!
HA, HA!
COME ON
AND GET ME!

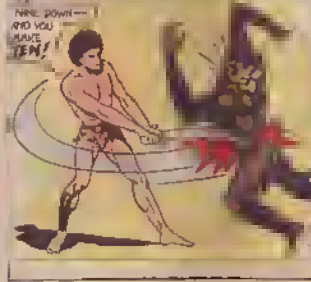


WITH A TERRIBLE CHORUS OF YELLS THE BATTLE BEGINS.



KILLS THE HUGE SABOON LIGER!

NINE DOWN—
AND YOU
HAVE
TEN!



SUDDENLY THE REMAINING APES TURN AND FLEE FOR
THEIR LIVES.

RUN! SWIM! FLY! THEY'VE KILLED
BIG BOBO! THEY'LL KILL US ALL!



THE BATTLE ENDED, KERTO HURRIES TO MUG KRUFU!

YOU'RE NOT HURT, MY MAN CUB
TELL ME YOU'RE NOT HURT!

NOT OUTSIDE, KRUFU!
- BUT MY HEART IS SURE
WHEN I SEE THE BITES
THOSE WOKED APES GAVE YOU
I'LL NEVER, NEVER DISOBEY
YOU AGAIN!



MUGGINS MOUSE

by Marjorie Barrows



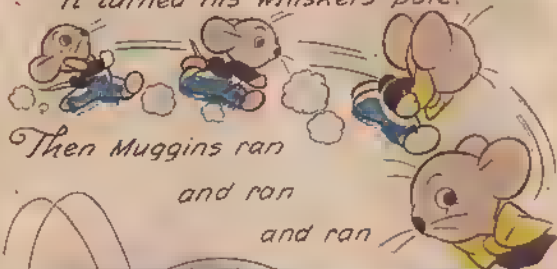
Once Muggins Mouse
was playing
A game of whisker-tap
And stopped to climb
inside a pail
To take a little nap.



But some boy took that
pail along
with by the sea
then Muggins woke
jumped right out
And squeaked excitedly.



For he saw sand and sand in front
And sand behind his tail
And sand on both sides of his ears--
It turned his whiskers pale!



Then Muggins ran

and ran

and ran

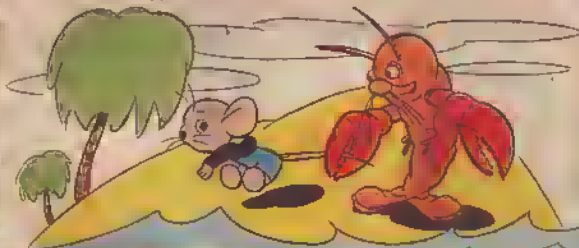
Until he couldn't stop,
And when he reached the
ocean, why,
He jumped right in
ker-flop.



A big wave took
him for a ride
He bobbed along--
wheee--eee!

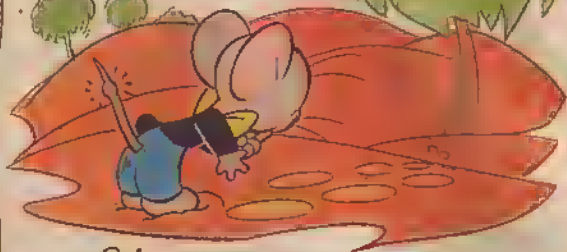


And he bobbed up and
he bobbed down
Till he felt all at sea.



He landed on an island
where
A lobster made him hop,
Because he grabbed his tail
till Muggins
Asked him please to stop.

Then Muggins straightened
out his tail
And somersaulted 'and
Just turned around until he found
Some footprints in the sand.



He wondered who had made them
And stood there, quite annoyed,
Till someone cried, "Oh, Mouse, ahoy!"
And Muggins Mouse ahoyed.



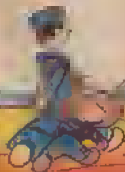
He found a wooden
sailor,
Half buried in
a hill.
"Please rescue me!"
the sailor cried,
And Muggins said,
"I will."



So Muggins dug the
sailor out
And, plunging
through the foam,
He swam with him
upon his back

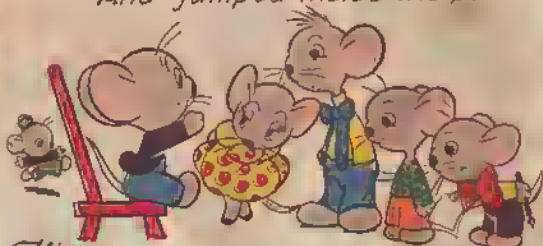


And took him
to his home.





Then Muggins waved
 good-bye to him
 And followed his old trail
 And came back where he
 started from
 And jumped inside the pail.



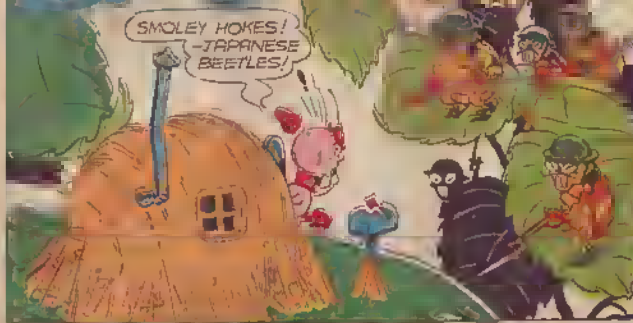
When home at last what tales he told
 To make mice quake and laugh!
 And all his friends asked Traveler Muggins
 For his autograph!

Best wishes
 Muggins Mouse

THE BEETLE BATTLE OF THE BUG BATTALION

BY BUMBLEBRAIN

SMOLEY HOKES!
-JAPANESE
BEETLES!



GO BACK!
-THIS IS MY
HOME!

HOW DARE YOU
COMMAND THE
SONS OF THE
RISING
SUN!



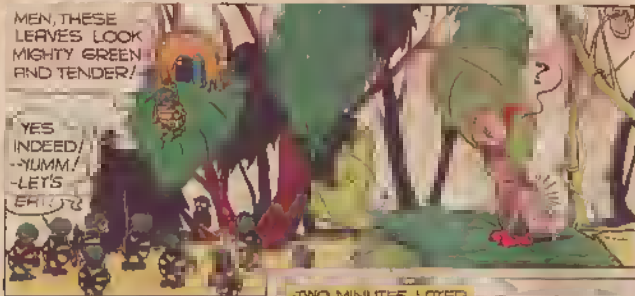
WE ARE THE HONORABLE
MASTERS OF THE WORLD!
-BEAT IT!

OUCH!



MEN, THESE
LEAVES LOOK
MIGHTY GREEN
AND TENDER!

YES
INDEED!
-YUMM!
-LET'S
EAT!



-TWO MINUTES LATER

GOODNIGHT!
...THEY'VE
EATEN
EVERYTHING!
-THEY'LL RUIN
OUR
COUNTRY!-



IT'S AN INVASION!
-I MUST TELL OUR
PRESIDENT!

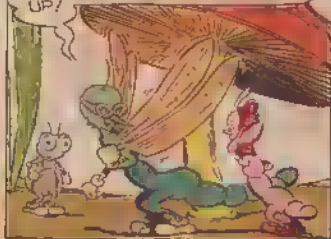


RENT-A-PLANE
SERVICE

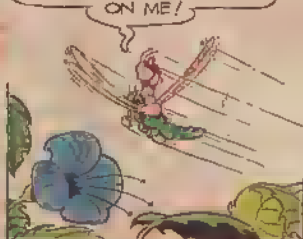
FLY ME TO
THE CAPITOL
-QUICKLY!



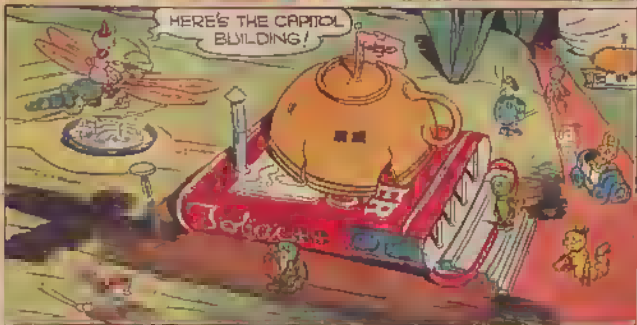
OKAY...HOP ON!...I'M ALL WARMED UP!



PAUL REVERE HAS NOTHING ON ME!

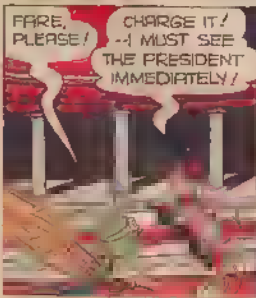


HERE'S THE CAPITOL BUILDING!



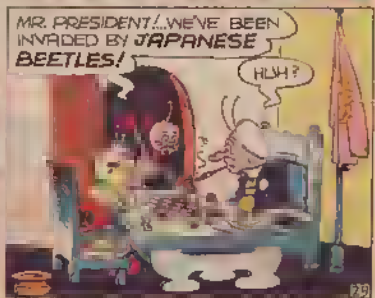
FARE, PLEASE!

CHARGE IT! --I MUST SEE THE PRESIDENT IMMEDIATELY!



MR. PRESIDENT!...WE'VE BEEN INVADED BY **JAPANESE BEETLES!**

HLUH?



SECRETARY/-SUMMON
GENERAL BITTYBUG!
-WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED
BY JAPANESE BEETLES!
-WE'RE AT
WAR!

OMIGOODNESS!

THIS CALLS FOR TOTAL
MOBILIZATION OF LAND,
SEA, AND AIR
POWER!

SMACKO!

THE TANK FORCES OF THE
BUG BATTALION ARE SOON
MOVING IN ON THE BEETLE
INVADERS, WITH GENERAL
BITTYBUG IN THE LEAD....



THE HEAVY ARTILLERY IS
DRAWN UP INTO
POSITION.....





CAPTAIN!..THEY'VE DISCOVERED
US!..THEY'RE LAYING DOWN AN
INSECTICIDE BARRAGE!!
(COFF!)

HUH?



YOU'RE RIGHT!..(COFF!)..IT IS GENERAL
BITTYBUG'S ENTIRE
8TH ARMY!..ORDER
A RETREAT TO THE
EAST!

WE CAN'T RE-
TREAT--WE'RE
CUT OFF!!

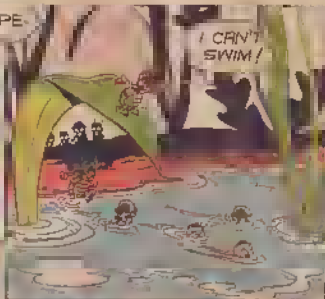
LOOK!--PARACHUTE
TROOPS!



THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO ESCAPE.
-ACROSS THE CREEK- INTO THE
WATER, MEN!



I CAN'T
SWIM!



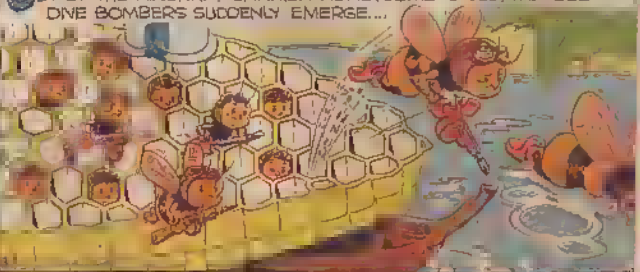
!! -WAIT!- SEE
THERE? -AN
AIRCRAFT
CARRIER!- WE'RE
DOOMED!



SURE ENOUGH! -A HONEYCOMB AIRCRAFT
CARRIER BLOCKS THEIR ESCAPE BY
WATER!



OUT OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER HONEYCOMB CELLS, THE BEE
DIVE BOMBERS SUDDENLY EMERGE...



THE BEE ONE BOMBERS
ZOOM DOWNWARD,
MACHINE-GUNNING
THE JAPANESE
BEETLE INVADERS....



WHILE THE INFANTRY AND MECHANIZED FORCES CLOSE IN BEHIND...



FINALLY--

GENERAL,
I REPORT THAT THE
INVADING BEETLES HAVE
BEEN ANNIHILATED!



SPLendid!...GO TELL THE
PRESIDENT THAT VICTORY
IS OURS!



CHATTER LEARNS A LESSON



For several days there had been great excitement in the squirrel colony in the Deep Woods. There was no time for frolicking and playing among the flowers and trees; everyone was much too busy for that. The trees which usually brought forth the greatest supply of nuts in the Woods had been struck by a blight, and there were hardly enough nuts on any one of them to last the winter. That's how it happened that Grandpa Squirrel held a meeting one autumn night.

"Friends and neighbors," he said when they had all gathered around him. "It's up to us to see that we have enough nuts to last through the winter. With the trees struck by a blight, there will be hardly enough nuts to go around. Now, we're all going to have to pitch in and help. Are you drilling?" And Grandpa peered over his glasses at them.

There were cries of "Of course, Grandpa Squirrel," from everyone, and he continued.

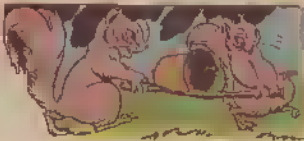
"Well then, here is my plan. When I was a little squirt—I mean squittet—we had

this same sort of blight strike the trees in the woods where I was raised, and this is the way we fed ourselves during the winter. Everyone in the colony formed themselves into bands and they gathered every nut there was to be found on the trees. Then all the nuts were put into a large pile and rationed out to the squinech. That way no one had any more than anyone else, and everyone did his share of work. What do you say, shall we try it?"

Well, all the squinech in the colony thought it was a splendid idea. That is, all except one. That was Chatter. Now Chatter was inclined to be a wee bit greedy, and a little stingy too, so he wasn't very popular among the other squinech.

"Humph," he muttered to himself when he heard Grandpa Squirrel. "That's silly. Why should I work as hard as that and then get only a few nuts a day? I'll just go hunting by myself and gather all the nuts I want." And that's just what he did.

All day and night Chatter rushed from tree to tree taking the largest and best nuts he could find, filling his cheeks and even his pockets, and then hurrying off to hide his booty. He had found that down in the roots of the tree where he made his home





was a wonderful storeroom for his hoard, and there he hid it, so no one would know what he was up to. And every day, while the hands of other gatherers were making their plans, he hid and listened to them. Then when he heard where they were going, he dashed off to the place but and picked all the best nuts for himself.

For many weeks Chatter worked as hard as he could, and every day his pile grew larger and larger. Soon he had to dig another hole in the trunk of the tree to hold it all. And all the time he grew lazier and lazier, for he had all to eat that he could manage to stuff into his little tummy.

Then one morning he woke up to discover the ground was covered with snow. Winter had set in. Grandpa Squirrel held another meeting, the pile of nuts was counted, and they found that if each squirrel took just two nuts a day, there would be enough to last them through the winter. Chatter busily filled his kitchen shelves with as many nuts as they would hold, then

carefully covered the other nuts in their hiding place so they would not be discovered, and settled himself down for the winter.

For many days the snow fell, and although the other squirrels had to make their daily trips to the community storeroom, Chatter was snug and warm in his little home.

And while the other squirrels in the Deep Woods grew thinner and thinner, Chatter grew lazier and fatter, and he laughed to himself when he thought how much smarter he was than everyone else.

And then it happened. For many days Chatter had not been down to his storeroom, but one morning he found he had eaten the last nut on the kitchen shelf, so he hurried out the door and ran down the tree to his hiding place. But when he opened the door he almost turned a somersault in surprise, for there was not a nut in sight. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. No, sir, not one nut. He couldn't understand it. Why, he had left almost a hundred nuts there, and now they were all gone. He hurried all around the room for





a clue to the mystery, and then he saw something which made him stop. There in the dirt were a lot of little footprints. Mirel Thr held mice had discovered his supply and carried them all away. Do you suppose they had found the other nut, too? Quick as a flash he scampered up the tree again and looked into his other store-room. Ah, there they were, just as he had left them. He still had enough to last through the winter. He picked up the biggest one to take it home, and then almost dropped it in surprise. For there, looking out at him, was the face of a worm.

"Hey, where are you going with me?" cried the worm. Quickly Chatter dropped the nut. He searched frantically through the rest of the pile, examining every one. Then he sat down on the floor in despair. Two big tears trickled down his nose and

splashed on the floor. Wnnnn! There was a worm in every single beautiful nut! Every one of them was ruined.

Wearily he trudged back home. His warm and cozy little house seemed bleak and cold now that he knew he was going to have to go hungry the rest of the winter. Then he jumped up excitedly. Of course, why hadn't he thought of it before?

He knew where he could get some nuts from Grandpa Squirrel, of course. Out he ran and dashed through the snow to the community storehouse.

"Well, Chatter, what can I do for you?" asked Grandpa Squirrel when he saw Chatter come tumbling through the door.

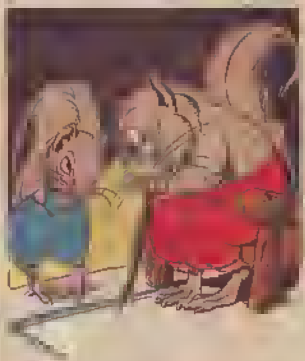
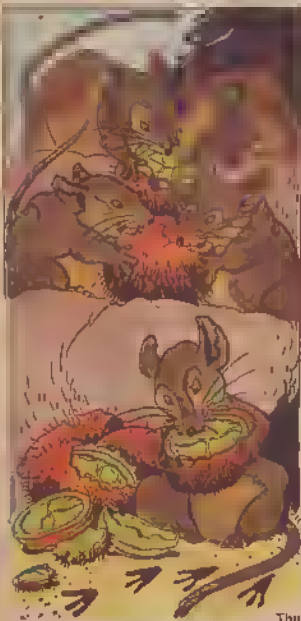
"Please, Grandpa Squirrel, may I have some nuts? I'm so hungry!"

Grandpa Squirrel peered over his glasses at him. "Hungry, are ye? Well, ain't we all this winter? Nuts? Hum-m-m-m. Seem to me I don't recollect you bringing any nuts in here while the other squirrels were gathering, did you?"

Chatter hung his head. "No, no, I guess I didn't."

"Well, then, I couldn't rightly give you any, when you didn't contribute to our stores at all. 'Twouldn't be fair, now, would it?"

Chatter walked dejectedly homeward, his little stomach gnawing Irish hunger. And as the days went by, he grew hungrier and hungrier, and thinner and thinner. Every day he searched the snow and ground to see if there were any nuts left, but never a one did he find. He was afraid he wasn't going to be able to last the winter. Finally, one morning he was so weak he couldn't even get out of bed. He



had been lying there for some time, wondering what was going to become of him, when he heard a loud knocking on the door.

"Come in," he called weakly and could hardly believe his eyes when he walked his brothers from the next tree, each carrying a large, beautiful nut. Chatter thought they were the most wonderful-looking nuts he had ever seen.

"We heard you were in trouble, Chatter," said the first squirrel, "so we came to see if we couldn't help. Here, we have brought you some of our nuts." Chatter was so excited he almost forgot to thank them.

And as he ate greedily, his brothers watched him. When he had finished they said, "Now, do you see what it is to be hungry? If you had worked and shared your nuts with the others, we all would have been a little better fed, and you would not have had to go hungry like this." Chatter was very much ashamed, for he did indeed see that what he had done was wrong. And from that day to this Chatter has been the kindest, most unselfish little squirrel in the whole colony of the Deep Woods.

And Grandpa Squirrel often wags his head and says, "Yep, just like I say, everything happens for the best."

WALTER LANTZ PRESENTS

HOMER PIGEON

WELL, CAR-R-RIE!
I BRUNG
YA SOMETHIN'!

LET ME SEE
HOMER! WHAT
IS IT?

NO, SIREE! NOT
UNTIL YOU GIVE
ME A LI'L KISS!

I'M A-WAITIN',
CAR-R-RIE!
I'M A-WAITIN'!

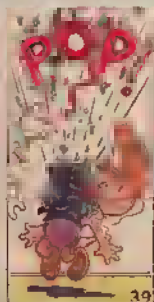
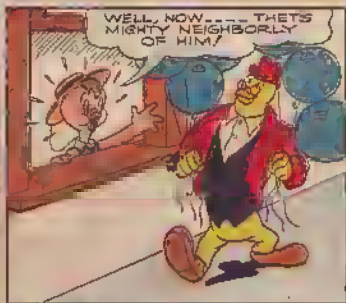
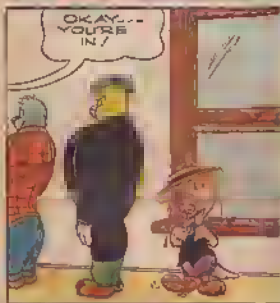
LOOK,
HOMER--
LOOK!

I DON'T KNOW
'BOUT THAT!
WHAT'S HE
GOT THAT I
HAVEN'T GOT?

PLENTY,
IF YOU
ASKS
ME!

SHUCKS! IT'S
ONLY AN ARMY
CARRIER
PIGEON!

OH,
ISN'T HE
BRAVE
AN'
HANDSOME?



DAWGONE THET BALLOON!
IF IT HADN'T BUSTED I'D BE
IN THE SERVICE BY NOW,
AN-----



OH-H-H-H-H-

WHUT'S
THET?



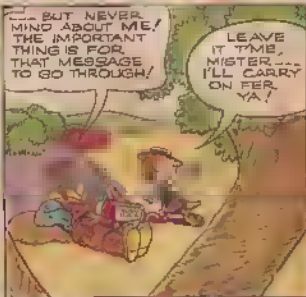
GAWSH!
A CARRIER
PIGEON! WHAT
HAPPENED? DID
YA CRACK UP?

YES!
I WAS
ATTACKED
BY AN
ENEMY!



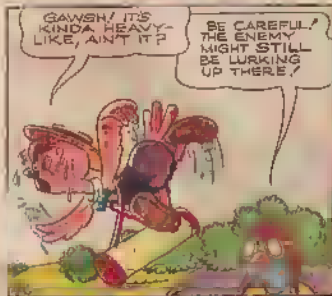
--- BUT NEVER
MIND ABOUT ME!
THE IMPORTANT
THING IS FOR
THAT MESSAGE
TO GO THROUGH!

LEAVE
IT TMB,
MISTER
I'LL CARRY
ON FER
YA!



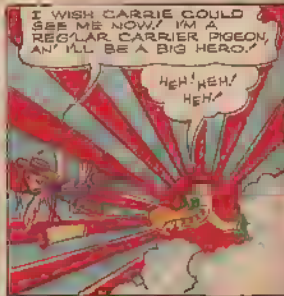
GAWSH! IT'S
KINDA HEAVY-
LIKE, AINT IT?

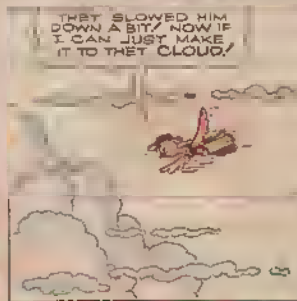
BE CAREFUL!
THE ENEMY
MIGHT STILL
BE LURKING
UP THERE!



I WISH CARRIE COULD
SEE ME NOW! I'M A
REGULAR CARRIER PIGEON,
AN' I'LL BE A BIG HERO!

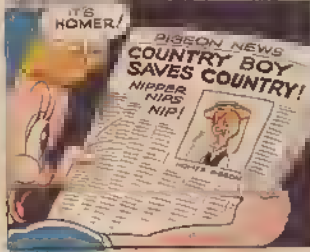
HEH! HEH!
HEH!







AND SO....HOMER CARRIES
THE IMPORTANT MESSAGE
SAFELY TO ITS DESTINATION.



HOMER, MY
HERO, YOU
MAY KISS
ME NOW!

I DON'T
KNOW
IF I
SHOULD
ER NOT, CARRIE
YSEE, THERE'S
ANOTHER GIRL
IN MY LIFE NOW!



DO YOU LIKE
HER BETTER'N
YOU DO ME,
HOMER?

SHE'S
MIGHTY
WONDERFUL,
AN' I LIKE
HER AN
AWFUL LOT!



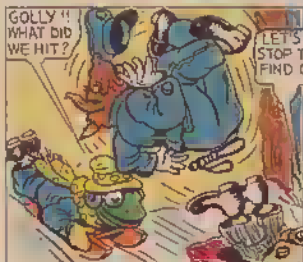
AN' CONFIDENTIALLY
SHE'S SORTA CARRYIN'
TH' TORCH FER ME,
TOO!

I DEMAND
TO SEE HER/
WHERE IS
SHE?



THERE SHE IS,
CARRIE --- TH' MOST
WONDERFUL GIRL IN
TH' WORLD ---
MISS LIBERTY!







BLUB · MFSK ·
CLUG · OPSTZ ·
MF · ORK · OOP ·
URKST ·



WAIT TILL I LAY MY HAND
ON THE VARMINT · I'LL · I'LL ·



OOPS !!! SOMEONE BRING ME A
PARACHUTE !!!



YOWEE

MFSK ·
GURGLE
OOMSK



☆ ? ! · MM · PFT · ☆
GLFF · IMSK · ☆ ? !
· GOPSK · ☆ ? !
OINK · ☆ · ?

GIT UP LEGS · DO YOUR
STUFF · WE GOT TO
GET OUT OF HERE · HE
SOUNDS Madder THAN A
HAT FULL OF
HORNETS !!

IT'S SABOTAGE!! I'LL

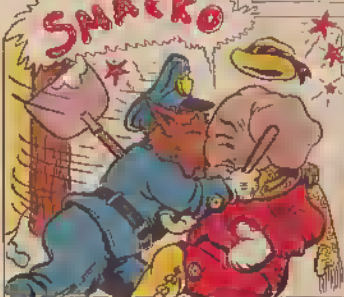
TEACH 'EM
A THING
OR TWO



I'LL WHIZZ AROUND
THE CORNER AND
NAIL 'EM IN THEIR
TRACKS, FOLKS DON'T
CALL ME DANGEROUS!
DAN'L DOG FOR
NOTHING. GR-R-R



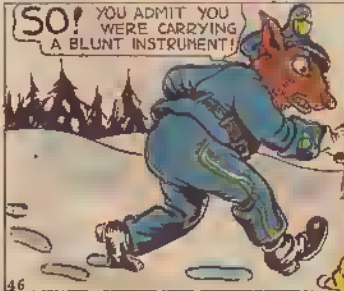
SNACKO



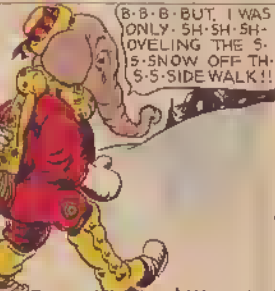
SO!! YOU'RE THE
BLACK-HEARTED VILLAIN
THAT TRIED TO UPSET
LAW AND ORDER?



SO! YOU ADMIT YOU
WERE CARRYING
A BLUNT INSTRUMENT!



B-B-B-BUT, I WAS
ONLY SH-SH-SH-
OVELING THE S-
S-SNOW OFF TH-
S-S-SIDE WALK!!



GOSH, FELLERS !!
WE'VE GOT TO SAVE
EDDIE ELEPHANT !!!



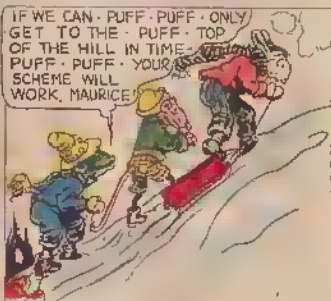
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THE
GRFAT OUTDOORS - YOU'RE GOIN'
TO GET LIFE IN THE HOOSEGOW
FOR THIS !!!



LISTEN !! I'VE GOT
AN IDEA. WHY NOT
DO THIS - WHISPER -
WHISPER - WHISPER



IF WE CAN - PUFF - PUFF - ONLY
GET TO THE - PUFF - TOP
OF THE HILL IN TIME -
PUFF - PUFF - YOUR
SCHEME WILL
WORK, MAURICE!

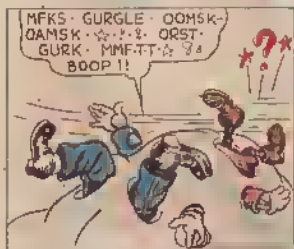
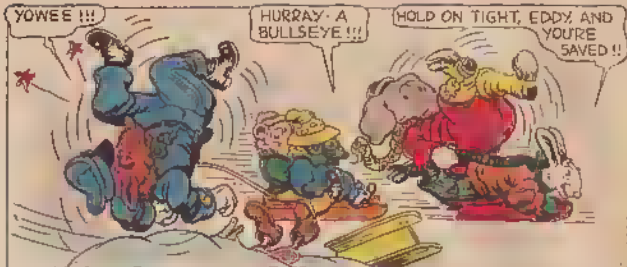


YIPPEE - YIPPEE - FOLLOW ME INTO THE
TARGET, FELLERS - I'M SMACK
ON THE BEAM !!



IN FACT JUDGE CARL CAT
MAY GIVE YOU NINE
LIFE TERMS





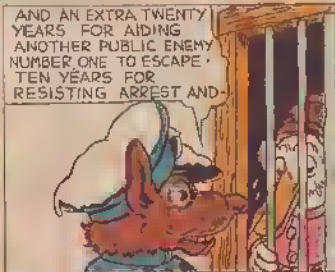
NAILING A SPECIALLY
DESPERATE CRIMINAL
LIKE YOU OUGHT TO
GIVE ME A
BIG REPUTA-
TION IN THESE
PARTS



THE JUDGE WILL GIVE
YOU LIFE FOR ASSAULTING
AN OFFICER WITH A
DANGEROUS WEAPON



AND AN EXTRA TWENTY
YEARS FOR AIDING
ANOTHER PUBLIC ENEMY
NUMBER ONE TO ESCAPE
TEN YEARS FOR
RESISTING ARREST AND



SIXTY DAYS
FOR GETTING
SNOW DOWN
MY NECK



OH BOY!! DORA
WON'T HAVE TO
GO TO SCHOOL
FOR MORE
THAN A
HUNDRED
YEARS

IF WE HAD TIME ENOUGH, WE'D
BAKE A PIE AND PUT A FILE AND
A KEYHOLE SAW IN IT



AND MAYBE
A ROPE LADDER
AND A FALSE
MUSTACHE

C'MON, FELLERS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA BUT
WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST



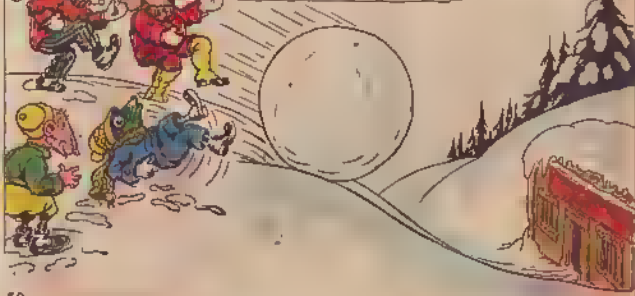
THIS IS A REGULAR LALLA-PA-LUSER
OF A SNOW BALL. I HOPE
OUR SCHEME WORKS!!

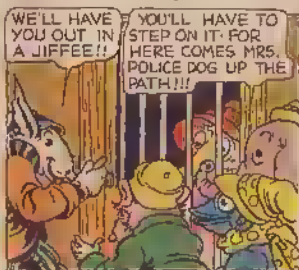
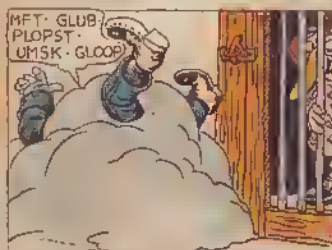


NOW ALL TOGETHER -
ONE - TWO - THREE -
SHOVE



YIPEE !!! LOOK AT THAT BABY TRAVEL !!
C'MON, BOYS! WE'LL FOLLOW IT DOWN AND
SEE WHAT HAPPENS !!!





SPUNKY

and the

HORNETS

Let go, Spunky!
Your baby teeth
are too sharp!

Grrrr! I'm
hungry!

You play too rough,
Spunky—I know!

Spunky Spaniel, the
biggest and strongest of
his litter, feels that the
world is his plaything.

Co-o-ome, Puppy.
Puppy, Puppy!
Get your
suppy!

Suddenly from outside the
woodshed comes a
thrilling call.

Youpee!

Spunky—
look out!

Yip! Yippy!

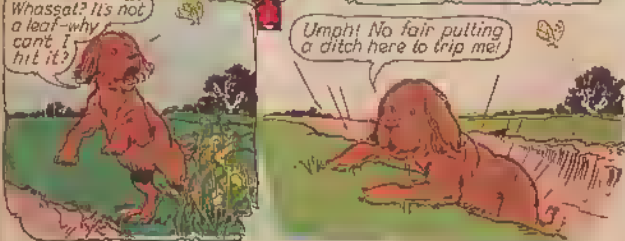
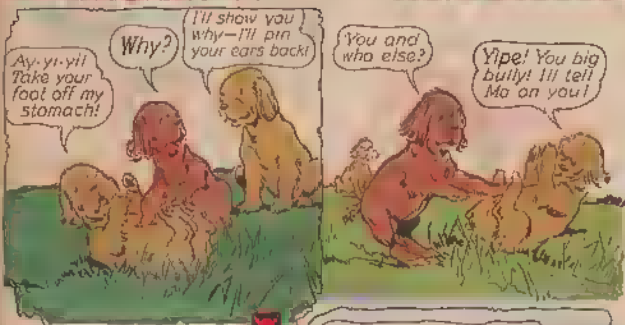
Hey, Spunky, don't eat it
all!

Slupp, slupp,
gulp, gobble,
slupp!

You're the
greediest
thing I
ever saw!

Hey, quit pushing
me—I haven't
finished!

So what? I've
finished!



Yi-ike!

Z-zip!

A flying Cicada bangs into Spunky's nose

Ugh! Oh! So you're the pesky thing that hit me?

I'll fix you!

Crunch! Crunch! Not so bad eating, except for those wings.

What are you doing here? Gwan! Scram!

Eek! What's that?

At the edge of the tomato patch, Spunky encounters a rat

I'll cut your throat, you bumbling baby! Chrrrrh! Why don't you act scared? I'll—

Yow-r-r-oup! You'll do what? I'll chew you up!

Yow-yow-yap!
You'd better run!
Nasty skinny-tailed
thing! Yap! Yap!



Yap-arrrgh!
Where did that
animal go?



Spunky's rush is
too much for the
rat's nerves

Hornets!
Yipee!

Bzzzzz!
Z-zzzing!



Oweee!
Yi-yi-yi!

Zip!
Zing!
B-zoom!



Help
Ma-mah!
Yi-yipee!

Zzzzzz!



Yarp! Yarp!
Spunky, I'm
coming!

Yi-yi!
Ma-mo-a-ah!



Ow! Oooh! Mama,
it hurts like
everything!

Hush! Mama knows
what hornet stings
are—they won't
kill you!

Oh, Mmmama! I can't
see out of my eye—
and mout is all tick
and funny!

Still whimpering, Spunky trots
home at his mother's heels

Mmmm! Oh,
my head!
What'll
I do?

Go to bed for a while
It'll wear
off.

Ha, ha!
Spunky
looks awful
funny!

Poor Spunky!
Am I making
it feel any
better?

Mmm, I gueth
tho, Curly—ith
my lip ath big
ath it feelth?

Late in the afternoon comes the
clatter of spoon and pan, calling
the pups out of their box.

Clink! Clink-
a clink!

Why, Spunky, where are your
bad manners? Those hornets
must have knocked them
clean out of you!

Thip-thip-
thip! My
lip thtill
hurth!

I like Spunky
better this way,
don't you, Mama?

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